
Title: Obsidian

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Twas not long ago on the
day before All Hallow's
Eve that I had wandered
into a little pub in a
seaside town. I had just
gone in there to treat
myself to a satisfying
glass of ale. I sat at a
table with my ale as I
overheard an old man
telling a tale to a few
young men. Being curious
as I was, I inquired what
he might be talking about,
but decided that doing so
would be intruding. I
didn't want to seem rude,
so I was going to finish
my ale right then and
there, and leave out for
the next town. That was
until I thought a moment.
I was tired and lacked
any excitement at all.
Nothing interesting had
looked me square in the
eye for ages, and I was
in the mood for
something new in life.
I walked over there and
sat in an empty chair.
The old tale teller just
looked at me nicely and
smiled. "Am I too late to
hear the story?" I inquired.
He just grinned at me
and said, "My lady, the
story's only just begun.
Feel free to have a
listen. An old man has
nothing to do but waste
his days away telling
tales of the way things
used to be."
The old man cleared his
throat and started his
story over.
'it wasn't terribly long

ago the story was told of a young bard who had everything, but at the same time had nothing. This is where our story begins."

I nodded and listened intently.

"There was a young lad by the name of Alphonse. This young boy loved music, and also loved people. He had it all, but he knew not of what he had. Alphonse lived on a beautiful patch of land where there was plenty of wildlife, yet not many evil beings that wished to do him harm. They lived in a lovely and large house, and they had many horses and cattle. Young Alphonse was not very fond of the livestock however. He saw his job of tending to them as a waste of valuable time that he could've been spending entertaining the people. They lived in a peaceful area though, and not many people lived there. To his parents, it was perfect. To Alphonse however, it was a living nightmare.

There was one occasion where the boy had an argument with his parents over the living conditions, and how they could live in such a very secluded area. He ended up getting very angry, and eventually the lad ran off into the forest with only a small lute and a few gold pieces in his pocket.

He didn't know how he would live in this forest, but he was hoping to find a nearby village and live at the inn for the rest of his days. Not the best thought out plan, but he thought it was a fairly good one. As he

journeyed through the forest on foot, he saw many a monster. He had nothing to protect himself with, but a small dagger, and the boy had no fighting skill whatsoever. Well...he had managed to run for awhile, that was until a large group of ettins had the boy cornered. The boy could've died right then and there. His young life was on the line, and Alphonse was defenseless."The old man said.

"What happened to him?"I asked, sounding hopeful that it was a good thing that happened.

"Ah, M'lady, just continue listening and you will here."he replied to me.

"It seemed all hope was lost...then, there was a nitemare."

"We already know that it was a nightmare."I said,"but what happened to the boy?"

"I told you m'lady. It was a nitemare that saved the boy. A nightmare stallion bolted through the wood and started killing off the ettins one by one. One of the species the boy most despised saved his life. The boy couldn't help but thank the horse heartily. He decided that it would be wise to travel with such a creature, and he warily got on his back. The creature was tame and allowed him to ride quite easily, and as for a name, he just looked at the shiny black coat of the horse. It resembled a shiny, polished black obsidian rock. And that is where the horse got his name. Obsidian. They went from town to town. Of course Alphonse's family

worried, but there was nothing they could do but wait. Little did they know, the boy was safely traveling all around the land, discovering and seeing things he had never seen with his own eyes before.

All was fair until one day when the boy went to the bakery to get himself a loaf of bread to hold him over, as he was growing hungry and low on supplies. He told Obsidian to stay, and he did.

Alphonse went in got his bread, and when he came out, he saw a burly man sitting on Obsidian's back! "Sir, that is my steed you are riding." Alphonse noted as the man started riding the horse around in circles with a gleeful look on his face.

"No Sir. This would be my long lost Black.", the man replied.

The man told the story of how he had gone around killing different animals go get gold and things to be able to buy supplies. He had tamed a nitemare steed there that he had named Black and had been riding another horse. He had been battling something, as was 'Black' when suddenly the horse dissapeared into the wood to fight things. The man had his hands full already so he couldn't get his horse back. When he was finished battling, his nitemare was gone. That was when Alphonse took his turn in telling the story. He told him the story of how Obsidian had come and killed off the ettins that had put his life in danger. "We have a predicament here don't

we?"the burly man said.
The boy nodded. "I'll tell
you what. If I ask you to
fight alongside me to get
some gold and things for
a quest I had been set
off to complete, would
you accept in exchange
for 'Obsidian'?"

The boy nodded and
smiled. They fought
together and the man
finished his quest.
Obsidian and Alphonse
decided to continue their
adventures into dungeons
and such just for ad
venture. That was until
Alphonse grew old and
grey. Obsidian was still as
energetic as usual though,
and is still that way
today.

"Where are Alphonse and
Obsidian now?"I asked the
old man. "Well I'm sure
that Alphonse is telling
stories of his travels
somewhere and Obsidian is
probably out grazing
behind a building
somewhere."the old man
said.

I finished my ale and
thanked the man for the
story. It seemed to me
that there might be a
chance that Alphonse and
the elderly man were the
same, but I shook it off.
I headed off on the road
beside the bar, and I
noticed a beautiful
shimmering black stallion
grazing. "Hello there,
Obsidian."I said, realizing
that I was correct. All
the old stallion did was
raise his head in the air
and let out an
ear-splitting whinny. "It
seems you are just as
spirited as the days I
heard about from the old
man."I noted. The horse
just put his head back
down and started grazing
again. I walked over with

an apple I had kept for
my pack horse and held
it out to him. He ate it
readily and whinnied one
more time. I smiled and
set off again on my
little grey mare with the
pack horse following us
as I made my way to the
provisioners to get some
more apples. After that,
I decided I would go tame
myself a nitemare stallion.
I had a new found
confidence after hearing
of the old man's
adventures.